

*K. M. . . . .*

# LETTER

FROM A

P\_\_\_\_me S\_\_\_\_j\_\_\_\_t,

TO A

H\_\_\_\_gh P\_\_\_\_t,

Concerning the Present

Posture of AFFAIRS,

WITH

ADVICE from a certain Great E\_\_\_\_l,  
who had lately a private Conference with  
a c\_\_\_\_w\_\_\_\_d H\_\_\_\_d.

Illustrated with the LIFE and HISTORY of *Caiaphas*,  
and a short Recapitulation of all the most remarkable  
Occurrences which passed this Winter at the Great  
*Club-Room* near *College-Green*, at the Sign of the  
*Goose and Grid-Iron*.

*Multum in Parvo.*

Printed in *Scratch-Land*, by *Thomas Roastum*, Printer to the  
King of *Bantam*, at the Sign of the *Fighting-Cock*, next  
Door to *Rogers*, the *Irish Gait-Maker*.  
M,DCC,LIV.

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A

# LETTER, &c.

*Please your G-----,*

**I** AM sorry that the present Crisis of Affairs makes it necessary for me (who declare myself a Servant of the People) to address you thus publickly, since perhaps the Time will come when you will have Gratitude enough left to thank me for having saved you from an Abyss of Error into which you are precipitately throwing yourself: Not to mention some shameful Imputations, which I shall pass by, I shall only animadvert on some extraordinary Passages in your Conduct, and shall leave it to your cooler Moments to make Reflections on what I say, as my Remarks happen to pass before you in Judgment.

And first, I shall consider you as an *E-----n* invested with the highest Dignities in the Church of this Kingdom.

Secondly, I shall take you in the Light of a Person in Holy Orders, and a *B---p*.

And lastly, I shall remark you as a Statesman, from which three Heads I shall make proper Inferences, and lay them before you.

And first, as an *E-----n* invested with the highest Dignities in the Church of this Kingdom.

A

A<sub>2</sub>



As to this first Article, Fortune seems to have selected you, to heap upon you almost all that was in her Power to give, had you been a Son of the Duke of *Newcastle's* or a Nephew of the Pope's, or a King's natural Son, you could not have been more happily allotted in the Church than you are.

His M-----y, supposing you to be his chief Favourite, cou'd have preferred you but one Step higher, to C---r-b---y; so that you are really establish'd in a Dignity well worthy a Prince of the Blood, or the noblest Family in *England*.

But this great Transition was not owing essentially to any Merit in your G---e, for had the Dice run lower, your G---e had perhaps, never mounted higher than a Troop of Horse; but your Mistress *Fortune*, was present at the Cast, and you had from the Event, your Choice to go into Orders or otherwise: You chose the Cloth, and indeed a Train of Successes (which scarce in the Memory of Man follow'd any Person so closely) pursued your Footsteps, and from the Foot of the Ladder, you never stopped till you ascended the highest Rung of it: When you had dissipated the small Fortune which your careful Father left you, amid the Glare of the gay World, you fell into a Fit of deep Melancholy, which too visibly appeared to the noble Family in which you were then entertained as a Companion or Tutor to the E----l of M---d---x. Your Patroness seeing this Cloud of Care spread over you, desired her Son to inquire into the Reason of this sudden Change, from the *gay Rake*, (I was like to have said *Libertine*) to the moping Hanger---on.

When you had satisfied him as to the true Cause of this Sorrow and Heart-Mourning, you was bid to cheer up; for that shortly your Patron was to be nominated L---d L---t of *Utopia*, and that then and there Windfalls may happen, and some savoury Morsels come to Hand; which may, like a strong Cordial, renew your Appetite for Pleasure once more.

This was the Juncture when the Dice was thrown between you and another Gentleman who has by four thousand Pounds a Year less than your Grace  
merely



merely from a Spot or two left on his unfortunate Die.

And now my Lord D----p----ty's Train arrived, among the fatal Lumber your G---e was imported to these Realms, which happily for you, turned out sweeter and more engaging than the delightful Vales of *Tempe*, or the fabulous Plains of *Elysium*, for here you were no sooner arrived among the Herd of Chaplains, than Fortune, who still attended your every Motion, scatter'd Preferments to be picked up at your Will.

From a Chaplain to a Rectory, from a Rectory to a Dignitary, from a Dignitary to a Deanry, from a Deanry to a Bishoprick and so over the Backs of all the old Bishops of *Ireland*, from thence (a formidable Stride) to the Arch B----p----k of *A-m-gb*, P----m----te and M---tr---n of all *Ireland*.

Surely your Patron was infatuated not to have done all this for the Son of his own Loins, L---d G---ge, when all the World thought this was his Intention at entering him in our University, where Orders might have qualified him to run thro' the different Stages of Preferment to the Primacy as well as your G---e. This was a mighty Oversight, tho' a lucky one in your Favour, for if L---d G---ge had been P---te, it is likely he would not have had so early an Aversion to Marriage as your G---e had, and continues to have; D---t would have seen young S---k---les establish'd in the snuggest Livings, in the Bishopricks and Deanries of the Kingdom.

So that it appears, considering you as an *Englishman*, of an ordinary Rank and Fortune, you have by the most speedy Advances, got to the Pinnacle of Preferment, by a Series of Successes, not ordinarily attending any one Man of any one Age: But how have you rewarded this Kingdom, where the first Scenes of your Grandeur were fortunately opened; how, I say, have you contributed, or endeavoured to contribute towards the Weal and Happiness of this, (to you) *fortunate Island*?

Has any one public Instance of your Munificence appeared in the City or the Kingdom?

Have you rear'd any one public Monument to speak for

for you to after Ages, or like Charity, to cover a Multitude of Sins ?

Are there not Churches in their Infancy lying before your Face, demanding a Person of your Interest and Fortune to raise them from their weak State to Edifices worthy your Christian Patron ?

Has any one Hospital opened its Gates to take in the Helpless and Needy, any Lazaretto appeared to receive these Objects of Want and Misery, which daily stare you in the Face ?

Are there any reduced Families raised to a Competence from your Bounty ? Is your Table open to the Sick or the Stranger, or your Purse to the Cries of the Prisoner ? If such Things are, they must exist invisible to Men, and you have truly obeyed that Precept of your Master, *Let not your left Hand know what your right Hand doeth.*

Have you contributed towards the Tillage or Manufactures of this Kingdom ? Have you set up a Factory, or establish'd any public Work throughout the Kingdom ?

Have the Schools or Universities received any Donations from you ?

And now, having traced you through the first Light, of an *Englishman*, and looked upon you as a cold frigid Plant, shivering from all the Rigours and Severities of a black wintry Fortune, transplanted to the warmer and more serene Soil and Skies of *Irish* Preferment, together with your Ingratitude to the Place of your better Birth and more fortunate Nativity, I shall next proceed to consider you first as a *Clergyman*, and next as a *M——n*.

And first as a *Clergyman* :

On your first Appearance in this Character, you did not set out as most of broken Fortunes do, wading through the muddy Fords of narrow Circumstances and Poverty, for your prime Setting-out was in the Sun-shine of a Court, with scarce a Rival in the Way : In your Interegnum of Distress, if I may call it so, that is from your being a Bankrupt in Fortune, to the lucky Parade for *Ireland*, you might have lamented the  
Loss

Loss of all those gay Scenes of loose Pleasures, and brooded over the desperate Prospect of never enjoying them again: And this was the Temper of Mind your Patron found you in when the lucky Die gave you a Refusal and a Choice—That you made a most fortunate one we must conclude; but I am only to reflect on the proper Disposition of your Luck at this Time, unmov'd by sordid Views, untempted by the mercenary Baits of better Fortune, you, no doubt, took the Gown, as the Hermit or Pilgrim does, thereby to expiate and atone for the vague and unprincipled Years mis-spent from *College* to that Time.

But we'll admit that you took the Gown as most others do, to live thereby, and to enjoy the Comforts of Life as much as possible: To pass by your Motives for going into Holy Orders, or your Reasons for preferring the Black Cloth to the Red, and the *Toga* to the *Arma*, what have you done, how exerted yourself either by an exemplary Life of Piety and Acts of Devotion? Have you studied to improve the Talents of Nature in order to be an excellent Preacher from the Pulpit, or a convincing Writer from the Press?

Have you taken uncommon Pains to defend the Cause of *Christianity*? Or have you like the rest of your Brother Bishops, been a lukewarm Neuter, neither espousing it warmly, nor otherwise disturbing its Peace, but suffering it by its own Virtue to rise or decline from the Corruptions which have crept into it?

When one of your Bishops openly attempted to sap the very Basis of the *Christian* Religion, by writing against the very Fundamentals and Essentials of it, was you, who was at the Head of the Church, the first who offer'd to combat the *Goliath* who defy'd the Armies of the living God? I hear not: Is this acting like a good Servant in the Cause? Is this like *St. Paul*, fighting the good Fight? I fear not?

Thus having travers'd your Conduct as a Clergyman and Bishop, invested with the supreme and highest Dignities in our Church, and having from such impartial

Scrutiny



Scrutiny found you ungrateful as an *Englishman*, and no-ways exemplary or worthy Imitation, as a Clergyman or a Bishop, I shall next proceed, according to my Plan, to investigate your Conduct as a Statesman, consistent with which Character, and Capacity you fall under the former Imputation of Ingratitude, and that, the most exalted and aggravated that can possibly be conceived.

Ingratitude, abstracted from all other Objects, or in other Words, simple Ingratitude is, even to a Proverb, deemed to be the blackest of all moral Vices, because the Heart which can be capable of an ungrateful Act, is reasonably supposed to be capable of every other ill Action imputable to a wicked Mind.

But as a Statesman, your high Office put it in your Power to be of very great and notable Service to this Country, which you may call your Mother-Country, because when *E——d* your Native one, had deserted you, *I——l——d*, rejected *I——d* opened her Arms to receive you, the rising Son of Fortune: No matter how you were raised, it is her Opulence you share, her Grandeur you taste, her Dignities you possess, and her Affluence you enjoy—You will reply that his *M——ty* gave you the prime Dignities in our Church, and that therefore you don't hold yourself a Tittle obliged to the People of *Ireland* for your high Fortune. Very well, most grateful Sir, and so by your Rule, if the Royal Favour gives me a Country Rectory, I shall bully all my Parishioners, and injure the Parish as much as in me lies; I shall set those at Logger-heads, whom I found very good Neighbours, and in a State of Amity; I shall let the Parish-Church run to Rack and Manger, hector the Church-Wardens, and so forth. And all this truly because I happened to be presented to the Living by the *K—g*. A very equitable Proceeding, grounded on a very fair Chain of Reasoning.

At this Rate, every Captain of a Company, has a Right to give his Men the Discipline of the Cudgel for his Pleasure, or to have them whipped for his Humour and Caprice.

If

If it was then in your Power to be highly servicable to this Country, and that all the Ties of Gratitude bound you to be so, how black must your Conduct appear to be, when the whole Tenor of your Behaviour to *Ireland* and her known Interest, seems to be the Reverse. Indeed no Motives shou'd induce you, no Dependence force you to be an Enemy to *Ireland*, which proved to you, like the promised Land to the People of *Israel*, a Land flowing with Milk and Honey.

Not to dispute the Point with you, concerning the Right that *Churchmen* have to meddle with any Government, save that of their *own Church*, I shall prepare to take my Leave of you, hoping that the Arguments I have here offer'd, may have it's due Weight of Conviction, since, I think no Man but yourself, and your Adherents or Employers (I beg your G—ce's Pardon,) will presume to say that you have been *Ireland's* Friend in any one Point since your Arrival here, much less to affirm, that you have not been it's most inveterate Foe, as great a Foe as the Serpent, to the Happiness of our first Parents, when he set his cloven Foot in Paradise, under that tempting Form; and I hope you will not think that any Thing I have said is too severe or more than you deserve, since I heartily wish your Reformation, and that it is the Advice of a very great Nobleman, that you wou'd immediately set about it, I mean as a Statesman, that by serving *Ireland* in your Ministerial Administration, as a Privy C—n—l—r or Lord J—t—ce, you may wipe off that popular Odium which you have so unhappily contracted,

So prays your G-----  
most injured

A----- M-----

B

ADVICE

ADVICE from a certain Great E——l  
who lately had a private Conference with  
a c——n'd H——d.

*Most Rev'd. Pontiff,*

I AM sorry to find that any Personal Deferences or  
Regards to your Patrons or Benefactors should  
have Force enough with you to influence you to  
prove ungrateful to the Country, in which, though  
you did not first breathe, you most certainly began  
to respire: Your G——ce will please to reflect, that  
no Obligation, no human Tie upon Earth shou'd  
be powerful enough to engage you against the public  
Peace and the real Welfare of an already distressed  
Province.

I shall allow, that you owe the highest Obligations  
to your Patron, but if the Precept be good, which  
forbids you to follow a Multitude in doing Evil, it  
will as reasonably hold, Follow not an Individual in  
doing Evil.

When you were made a P——te, you were then  
enjoined by all Laws human and divine, by all the  
Institutions of Policy, and the common Dictates of  
Reason, Nature, Equity, and Conscience, to govern  
the Church with all the Affiduity and Tenderness of  
a Head-Inspector, you should have promoted Peace  
and Unity in that Kingdom which adopted you her  
Son, and not have brought upon it Fire and Sword.  
As this high Office (I must say unnaturally) con-  
nected you with the Civil Administration, it gave you  
a Latitude, and a wide Capacity either to serve or  
injure this broken-hearted Country. But it seems too  
evident,



evident, that instead of doing it any material Service, you joined with its avowed Enemies, to sow the Seeds of Dissention among us, and instead of being blessed as a Peace-maker, to give a Sword to destroy, and a Faggot to burn up her real and essential Interests. You chose to militate on the Side of Power, and to avail yourself of all our Sufferings, thereby to aggrandize yourself, and to do a pleasing Thing to your Patron.

Worse than *Agrippa*, you not only left us bound to do our Persecutors a Pleasure, but you lent a helping Hand to bind us, and to strain the Cords of Slavery so hard upon us, that we cou'd scarce bear it.

I must confess, I used all my Interest to oppose you in this Scheme, which has been hatching these many Years, and which seemed ripe for Execution this last Session.

I freely own, I took uncommon Pains, and unwearied Application to oppose every Measure taken by you, and your Employers, and Adherents, and I applaud myself for it. And now (thank Heaven which partly prospered my Wishes) I have the Reward of a good Conscience, and the Blessings of a whole Nation, while I am much afraid (you have not the Comfort of the one, nor a single good Wish in the other) your own Faction excepted: That these Things may weigh with you to a Conviction and Conversion is the Wish of

K——.

THE



## THE CHRONICLE of ROGER.

1. **A**ND there lived in those Days, a Man, and his Name was *Roger*, and he was an upright Man, and he feared God, and stew'd the Devil.

2. And the Tempter appeared unto him in the Shape of *Tesrod*, a mighty Man in those Days, and one who was *passing well* with the King of that Country.

3. And *Tesrod* said unto the King, may the King live for ever.

4. And the King bowed the golden Sceptre, and lo! *Tesrod* came forth and bowed his Face to the Ground before him.

5. And the King said, oh! *Tesrod* speak, for thy Suit is granted, ask and fear not.

6. And *Tesrod* said unto the King, if thy Servant shall find Grace in thy Sight, may it please the King, to let thy Servant rule over the Province of *Anirebib*.

7. For thy Servant ruled there before these Days, and was pleasing unto the People thereof.

8. Yea, the Nobles and the mighty Men, said among themselves, *Tesrod* is a goodly Man, and he ruleth with Meekness, and his Burden is light.

9. Therefore I pray my Lord the King, that I may have Favour in thy Sight to visit the Land of *Anirebib*, for it is a goodly Land. I have had much Favour among the People of the Land; yea, they gave unto me of their Treasures, of Silver, and of Gold, of Jewels and of precious Stones.

10. And the King answered, and said, Go in Peace,  
and

and the Lord be with thee; yea, the King biddeth thee farewell.

11. And *Tefrod* bowed himself before him, and he parted from the Presence of the King.

12. And *Tefrod* said unto his Servants, order that the Chariot and the Horses be prepared, for I am to take a Journey to the West, even to the Sea-Shore of *Niatirb*, and thence by Sea to the Coast of *Ainrebib*.

13. Therefore haste with Speed, for I and my Wife, and my Children are to journey thither forthwith, make no Delay.

14. And they delayed not, for they rejoiced greatly, and said among themselves, Now are the Servants of *Tefrod* happy, for they shall live on the good Things of *Ainrebib*, they shall no more be deemed Servants, but mighty Men, equal to the Sons of the Land.

15. And our Master *Tefrod*, shall give unto us the high Places, and we will Sacrifice on the high Places unto our own Gods.

16. And we will do what our Lord and Master biddeth, we will not say *Nay*, for he is highly favoured of the King, and we are favoured in the Sight of *Tefrod*.

17. And we will do unto the Youngmen what seemeth good, and we will use the young Women according to our Liking.

18. And the Chariot being ready, *Tefrod* ascended it, together with his Wife and his Son, a Centurion, a Youth of an ambitious and haughty Spirit.

19. And when he arrived at the Sea-Coast, the Ship was prepared, into which he and his Train did straightway enter.

20. He landed on the opposite Shore, and the Earth trembled when he set his Feet thereon, for it is said, that the very Isle did shake, knowing that a Foe was arrived on its Coast.

21. The People of *Ainrebib*, were a People of a high Spirit, and they said among themselves, "It matters not, let him come. Have we not a just King,  
" and



“ and one that observeth the Laws, and holdeth the Balance with even Poize: Why should we fear him, we are loyal Subjects: We have done nothing amiss that we should fear him, therefore will we not be dismay’d.”

22. Now when they had so said, a Spirit of Freedom, like the Lightning-Flash, ran thro’ the Kingdom.

23. And there was a certain mighty Man, and he was one of the Nobles of *Ainrebih*, he loved the People, and the People had great Reverence unto him.

24. And he, out of the great Love he bore the People, went over some Time before the Arrival of *Tesrod*, and represented to the King the Fears of the People on account of the former Government of *Tesrod*.

25. But the Hour was not come in which the King’s Eyes were open, for the Friends of *Tesrod* stood between him and the People.

26. And the Name of this mighty Man (who delivered the Sighs of the People to the King) was *Eradlik*.

27. Now *Eradlik* was the Chief of the Nobles of an antient and honourable House, and when he had acted as became a Lover of the Country, he returned amid the Acclamations of the People, to the Isle of *Ainrebih*.

28. And *Tesrod* called the People together, and they assembled to hear the King’s Pleasure.

29. Now there was a Man whom *Tesrod* favoured highly, and this Man was a mighty Builder, and he was employed by the People to erect Castles, and strong Holds for the Army of the King.

30. However, tho’ he had received many hundred Talents of Gold, to build the Castles, and strong Holds, he hid the Talents, and did not build the Castles and strong Holds.

31. Wherefore the Assembly of the People called him to an Account for hiding the Talents, tho’ some wise Men

Men believed that others had shared some of the Talents.

32. However *Tefrod* and his Son, with many of *Tefrod's* Friends, endeavoured to protect the Caste-Builder, so he laughed the People to Scorn, which highly provoked the People, and the Stewards of the People who resolved among themselves.

33. And they said, This public Robber shall not go unpunished, he shall not pillage the 'Isle of *Ainrebih*, and laugh us to Scorn.

34. So they called him to an Account concerning the Talents, to discover if he had made any, and what Efforts towards Building the strong Holds for the King's Armies.

35. And upon a true and just Scrutiny, it appeared that he had contemned, and set at Scorn the Commands of the People who had given him twenty-four Moons and upwards, to erect the Castles.

36. And the People in a Rage put him from among them, and turned him out of the Congregation of the Lord, for that he had mis-spent the People's Treasures.

37. However, *Tefrod* as much as in him lay, favoured the Master Builder, &c.

To be continued, occasionally.

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